

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



ENTER MR. AND MRS. PECKCHAFF.

LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

CHAPTER X.—AWKWARD VISITORS.

"WHAT can I do with them?" cried Laura, with an air of extreme annoyance, as she threw Mr. Peckchaff's letter on the table. "If I could have foreseen this, I would never have written and made my address known!"

But she had written and made her address known, No. 1130.—AUGUST 23, 1873.

and could not now avert the effects. She could not secure rooms for her friends in the same house with herself; of course she had no accommodation for them in her own apartments; she resolved that they had better remain at the family hotel, where she hoped they would be so uncomfortable as to make a speedy retreat to Rosemary Hill necessary. It was not from any personal dislike to her relations that she took this inhospitable attitude; she feared that they would interfere with her movements and her

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time, and she felt a repugnance to the idea of their coming in contact with any of her present associates. Her uncle was diametrically opposed to her opinions and conduct, her aunt was outspoken in her censure of what she condemned; then, they were scarcely refined enough for Dormer House or the Leporels; and as to Lady Mildwater's coming upon them, she dreaded to contemplate the crushing they would have to suffer in the encounter!

"A renegade is always more to be feared than one who has never been of the party," she thought, as she remembered her aunt's declension from the "rule of the Rosemary." Happily, she had not much time to deliberate, for Mrs. Peckchaff, always having resources at command, and always prompt in carrying out her purpose, started from home with her husband the very next morning, and while Laura was still musing in her old attitude over the letter and the interruption it threatened, to her consternation the door opened, and her uncle, followed by her aunt (according to Mrs. Peckchaff's new *régime*), walked in. When Mr. Peckchaff had affectionately greeted her, he had done. He was not likely to take the initiative so suddenly as his wife would have liked him to do; he had always waited to follow her, and now looked very blank as he beheld her firm face growing more hopelessly firm, and refusing any help when he turned his eyes on her with the expression "Won't you begin?"

Laura was confused; she felt that they were unwelcome, and feared she had made them feel it too. She attributed their silence to this, and began some incoherent reasons for not being able to receive them at her lodgings. "If I had a home such as I once supposed would always be mine, I should be most happy to make you welcome to it," she said.

Mrs. Peckchaff coughed a hard, dry cough, and with some difficulty kept silence; and her husband, perceiving that speak he must, began, in a mild way, to reply that the same home was open to her that she had ever possessed; and that his regret that she should have turned her back on it had occasioned his visit—"ours, I should say," he added, looking at Mrs. Peckchaff.

"Nay, Walter, don't put me in; I only came because you wished me to come; it was entirely to please your uncle, Laura, that I came, I can assure you," she said, with as much assurance in her eyes and voice as in her words.

Laura smiled with enough of contempt to rouse her aunt's temper; and Mrs. Peckchaff said, tartly, "We think you are doing very wrong; that it is not right nor respectable your coming into lodgings like this; leaving your place at home, where you ought to be helping your poor mother with housekeeping and your father with teaching young Tom; and your uncle, who knows what duty is, was determined at last to come and give you his mind."

A vigorous nod enforced this speech.

"Of yours, aunt? I might ask, if I did not know that you never wanted any one to represent you," said Laura, with some effort stifling her indignation and scorn.

"If you please, ma'am," said the young servant, appearing at the door, "there's a person from Mrs. Beverley's wants to see Miss Aline."

"Let Miss Aline know," said Laura, impatiently.

"Yes, miss (let me go afore you, my dear), Miss Aline's gone home for a bit, and that was why I

comed, being as I didn't want to see her at all," said Mrs. Batts, pushing forward and dropping her usual profound curtsy when she saw Miss Loft had company. "Ax your pardon, miss, but I never know'd but you was alone," she said, giving a curious glance towards Mr. and Mrs. Peckchaff.

"If Miss Beverley is at home, why did you come here for her?" said Laura, provoked at the interruption, as she came in and closed the door behind her.

"Why, miss, it's her washing I've come about, thinking I could do it for her and save you a bit that way; but that wasn't what I come for neither; and these gentlefolks being, as you may say, relations, I hope there's no harm in speaking before them."

"Why it's Sally Batts!" cried Mrs. Peckchaff, looking better pleased than she had done ever since her entry into Laura's lodging.

"Oh, I twinkled you, mum, and Mr. Peckchaff too, in a minute, I did, and I was right glad to see you here, and I says to myself, 'It's the worst of bad news they've brought, and that's why they're come.'"

Laura looked down at these words, but Mrs. Peckchaff, laughing, told her they had brought no bad news. "Why, Sally, it's full seven years since we saw you at Hurley, isn't it?"

"No, mum, barely six; when the poor dear little fellow were born as is such a cross to 'em now, poor things!"

"A cross?" exclaimed Mrs. Peckchaff.

"Well, mum, you may say as it's a cross, and you may say as it isn't, and that's where it is, being as the worst turns out for the best, as the neighbours said to me when poor Batts died."

"Good woman, is the child ill, or what?" inquired Mrs. Peckchaff.

Mrs. Batts looked at Laura, whose face was partly concealed by her attitude.

"Well, mum, by what John Scott says—you remember John, mum?—a booky-nosed young man—he was summat short of one leg; he was used to shepherd for Mr. Loft's bailey, only him and the bailey coming to words, they parted, and now he's a working up at the house."

"Well, and what's the matter with the child?" cried Mrs. Peckchaff, impatiently.

"It's where the measles left him," replied Mrs. Batts, mysteriously.

"And where was that?" asked Mrs. Peckchaff, with an involuntary smile.

"So low, mum, as it's a doubt if he'll ever be reared. John says he's got his doubts very much, and so has the doctor; and poor Mr. Loft, what with one thing and another" (here she looked at Laura) "he's in a very poor way."

"And Mrs. Loft?" cried Mrs. Peckchaff.

"Well, mum, John says as it's wonderful how she gets along with it all, and never seems none the worse, only she's just frit to death about the little boy, and can't sleep for it night nor day."

"This accounts for our not having heard from her lately," said Mrs. Peckchaff, turning to her husband. Mr. Peckchaff looked much concerned.

"Oh! mum," continued Mrs. Batts, "I don't think she've got liberty to write nor do nothink only watch the child; by what John says she's got reason to hope he'll soon be better or worse; for Mr. Loft, oh!—not that I'd say it to any but the family—he do tyrant and worrit till there isn't hardly a bit of her left, as you may say."

"But you said she seemed none the worse!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckchaff.

"No, mum, and very like it's looking to his being released out of a world of troubles as makes her so peaceable; I know that by what I thought when Batts was bad; 'Afflictions is good, my dear,' I says to him, and I'm sure when he died and got quit of 'em all, it was a excellent thing for him and for me likewise."

A thundering peal at the door startled Laura from the attitude in which she had remained unmoved during this conversation, and the servant immediately afterwards announced "Lady Mildwater."

"Oh dear, I want to know more from Sally about your mother and father and poor little Tom. Laura, is there no other room?" inquired Mrs. Peckchaff.

Laura rose in confused haste, and opening a door, said in a low voice, "My bedroom—if you don't mind going into my bedroom."

"No," said Mrs. Peckchaff, "but don't keep us there long."

They were hardly safe in their retreat when her ladyship entered, her hands filled with papers. Mrs. Peckchaff, whose dress had caught in the door, reopened it to free herself, and in doing so caught a glimpse of Laura's visitor.

"Do you know who this lady is, Sally?" she asked, while Mr. Peckchaff took refuge in the arm-chair and seemed lost in thought.

"It's my lady, as is miss's great friend, mum, and is always going about, as she says, doing good, and so, by that reason, there's a deal of work for me to do at home, in repairing the poor gentleman's clothes and making him and the house comfortable, leaving out the baby."

"Oh! then you get something by her rambling?" said Mrs. Peckchaff; "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"Just what poor Batts said when the fold-over waistcoats come in; 'It's bad for the button-makers,' says he, 'but it's good for them as has to make the button-holes.' Poor Batts! he thought a deal on button-holes up to the last, and were for ever a putting them on me!"

Mrs. Peckchaff, with some trouble, got from Sally a sufficient enlightenment on the subject, and discovered, to her horror, that only a thin wall parted her from a woman that went about making speeches in public, wrote books and wasted her husband's money in publishing them, left him to get on as he could and mind the baby, left the house and the servants to manage themselves, and, in fact, neglected everything to attend to what she chose to call "her mission in life."

"Poor man! poor man!" exclaimed Mrs. Peckchaff, looking at her husband, and rejoicing in heart that he had never experienced such a "Rosemary rule" as this; "and is he fond of the baby?"

"Oh dear, mum, it's all and everythink to him, and it's my belief as he's got his thoughts as when it grows up it'll take his part a bit, being a boy, you see; girls wouldn't be no good to him, not a bit; indeed, I don't see as girls'll be any more good to nobody now, as they're all a-going to be turned straight into boys, as miss says; and it's my belief as there'll be a total end of maid-servants and work-women and washerwomen, all but men, as'll do it instead."

"That will be turning the world upside down!" said Mrs. Peckchaff, laughing.

"Oh, mum, you, living in the country, don't know what we see in a market town; and whatever London and such big places can be I can't think, for you'll know, mum, as I remember John was used to say at Hurley, 'The more cattle to tread the ground, the more muck they make.' So, by that reason, the more people the more wickedness; and London!—but let that be; this here town is bad enough. There was a meeting here only yesterday of servant-girls, and they had it laid out as they'd do what they liked and wear what they pleased, and have what wages they wanted, and one brazen hussey (you'll please excuse me, mum, but I'm not Batts if she war'nt one), she gets into a chair and she says, 'My missus dresses herself like a man' (she says), 'and never axes no leave of her husband nor nobody, and what right have she got to stop me dressing like a lady? I never sworn at church to obey her' (she says) 'like she have master, and she don't mind him no more than nothink;' and then she says, 'We'll have our wages, girls; we want money, and we'll have it.' 'Oh,' cries another, 'we're a-going to have new laws, and the women is to be at the top of everythink, and the men is to find the money and the women is to have it!' and with that they all clapped hands and cried 'hooray!' and then, mum, to finish it up, the girl says again, 'Now, girls, look here, we won't be slaves no more; we'll have a half-holiday every week, and a whole holiday every fortnight, and we'll have a hodd one whenever we likes it!' and with that they hoorayed again, and one says, 'To be sure, why shouldn't we? Missis wanted to keep me at home from this meeting, so I says to her, 'Don't you go to meetings and speak up for women having their rights and putting down the men? and what's to come between me a-going and speaking for us, as is as much women as you are?' and with that I come!"

Mrs. Peckchaff wished herself back at Rosemary Hill; she thought of Dorcas and the order that reigned there, and her heart trembled at the idea of being in the atmosphere of revolution! She looked eloquently at Mr. Peckchaff.

He smiled and replied, "My dear, it is the spirit of the times; times foretold long ago are rapidly approaching, and if we live, we shall see—"

The door opened and Laura appeared, announcing that her friend was gone, and Mrs. Batts, begging that Mr. and Mrs. Peckchaff would honour her by coming to her house, where "she hadn't a room of her own," she said, "only the 'chuck up' to show them into, and that would not hold them," departed, leaving the question of Aline's washing and the effect of John Scott's letter in the clouds, where, indeed, she usually left her communications.

"So, Laura," exclaimed Mrs. Peckchaff, when the old woman had closed the door, "this friend of yours is one of the—"

"Friends of our sex, aunt," said Laura, quickly.

"Not a bit of it; is she, Walter?" she cried, turning to her husband. "Your uncle is a wise man, Laura; he hasn't got brains of my sort, so he lets me manage things; but he has got brains of a man—yes, 'a man'—and though you have been taught some things that only men generally are put to learn, don't you run away with the belief that you've got a man's brains. I doubt you've got things in your head that have taken up the room of other things that would have been a great deal more useful, but all put together won't make you a man."

"I don't wish to be a man, aunt; I don't know

what my uncle's wisdom amounts to (I have seldom heard of any but yours at Rosemary Hill), but I can assure you that very great men view the question at issue as I do—some of the first men of the day."

"More shame for them, for forgetting themselves so, if it's true!" said Mrs. Peckchaff, in some heat. "Pretty times are coming; the women ruling the men, the servants ruling the mistresses, and no peace nor happiness anywhere!"

Seldom was Mrs. Peckchaff so moved, but to look calmly on the chaos that Sally's description had raised before her was not in her nature. "I tell you, Laura, if the world is to be upset in this way, the sooner decent, right-minded people are out of it the better!" she cried.

"Nay, my dear!" said Mr. Peckchaff, gently, "the more corrupt the world, the greater the need of the salt to keep it from entire destruction."

"Yes, of course; there, you see, Laura, when it comes to the point your uncle is the best judge, and puts me right!" Laura smiled her usual supercilious smile, which always offended her aunt more than words.

Mr. Peckchaff saw that his wife's wrath was rising fast, and knowing that truth was not likely to be heard in the clash of tempers, said, "Laura, my dear, your necklace is broken." At the same moment the beads, which graduated from fine to very large, fell about on her dress and on the floor. "A striking emblem, child," he said, "of the work you are engaged in, or rather of all efforts that are made to loose the golden chord of God's order that binds society together; break it, and great and small will fall to pieces. For prosperity there must be union, for union to be maintained there must be law, and law, to be productive of harmony and well-being, must be in accordance with God's mind."

"That is what Mr. Davenant says, who treats his wife as if she were a creature in fetters," said Laura, coldly, gathering up her beads.

"I am sorry that one who knows what is right should do what is wrong; but this is no strange thing to meet with; you know what is right; you, many years ago, sat on my knee and repeated the ten commandments, among them the fifth; have you forgotten it?" Laura coloured, and Mrs. Peckchaff's eyes brightened. "Where is the honour to your father and mother that you owe to them?" resumed Mr. Peckchaff. "I confess to you, my dear, that I look indulgently on the Quixotic scheme you have in your head with regard to your sex and their wrongs and rights; but not so on the forgetfulness of God's law that leads you to abandon parents who have injured you only in doing too much for you."

Mrs. Peckchaff could hardly forbear clapping her hands. Laura remained silent; possibly if her aunt had not been there she might have tried to argue the case with her uncle, whom she liked and respected; but all was at an end with her as to conversation. She offered refreshments; regretted she could not urge them to remain; she hoped while they stayed at the hotel they would call upon her, but this, coldly done, was all.

"We shall go immediately to Hurley, Laura, to see about your father and mother," said Mr. Peckchaff.

"And 'Tom,'" added Mrs. Peckchaff.

"Walter, why didn't you put in 'Tom'?" she asked, as they left the house.

"Why?" said Mr. Peckchaff, "I confess it did not occur to me, and if it had I don't know that I should have done it."

"For fear of offending her?" asked Mrs. Peckchaff.

"I see no use in fanning a fire that had much better be extinguished," he replied.

"Now, Walter, is that right? Ought she to be indulged in such wicked fancies and dislikes? No! if I had her to manage that wouldn't be my way, depend on it."

"I entirely depend on it, my dear; but I still think she will be more easily convinced by gentle persuasion, her reason and understanding being addressed, than by your more forcible, no doubt, but less winning plan," he answered.

"The world is upside down," sighed Mrs. Peckchaff, who longed for her own peaceful little dominion, and felt a tenderness she had never before done for her liege subjects.

"I think, Walter, if our children had turned out as this girl has done, I should have died broken-hearted," she said.

"Let us thank God, my dear, that they have not done so," he replied.

Now Mrs. Peckchaff was always willing to ascribe praise to the Source of help which her husband instanced as the preserver and director of their children; but agreeing as she did in church in every clause of the general thanksgiving, out of church she was much quicker to see, and more jealous to claim praise for, the part she had had in matters than to pass credit on to a higher power. "Ye-es," she replied now, with a little shade of disappointment in her air and voice, "but you know, Walter, though of course I believe that God overrules all things, and we could do nothing if he didn't help, yet if I had not been a true mother to them (and, of course, you a true father) they would have been very different from what they are now. You remember what I worked on my old sampler when I was a girl, 'God helps them that help themselves.'"

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Peckchaff.

"I'm sure you hold with that, Walter. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'"

"Yes, truly, every word of God is pure, that with the rest, but—"

"But what?" she cried; "I'm sure you must know that from their cradles I brought them to be dutiful, and humble, and diligent, and—and—to do their duty in that state of life to which God had called them."

"I know that you did much, and I did comparatively little," he replied. "May He who knows our infirmities, who knows our frame, who watches us, not to taunt us with our follies and omissions, but to bring us to learn by them, pass by all that has been amiss, supply all that has been lacking, and bless them in the future as He alone can bless!"

Mrs. Peckchaff did not reply. She was mortified a little that her work with the young Peckchaffs was not acknowledged as a finished one; still there was a solemnity in her husband's tone, and a touching simplicity in his expressions, that set her considering in silence whether, after all, his genuine piety had not been more influential with her boys than even her good management.

VISIT OF PERSIAN PRINCES TO ENGLAND IN 1836.

AMONG the curiosities of modern English literature, there is one to which public attention has lately been drawn by the visit of the Shah of Persia. It is a work in two volumes, printed for private circulation, whose title runs thus: "Journal of a Residence in England, and of a Journey from and to Syria, of their Royal Highnesses Reeza Koolee Meerza, Najaf Koolee Meerza, and Taymoor Meerza, of Persia. To which are prefixed some particulars respecting Modern Persia and the death of the late Shah. Originally written in Persian by H.R.H. Najaf Koolee Meerza, son of Prince Firmân Firmân, grandson of H.M. Fathali Shah, the late Emperor of Persia; and translated, with explanatory notes, by Assaad Y. Kayat." This long and truly Oriental title sufficiently explains the nature of the work, which is undoubtedly genuine. It need only be added by way of preface, that the three princes above named visited England in 1836, in order to obtain the liberation of their father from durance vile at Teheran, through the all-powerful diplomacy of Lord Palmerston. This end was accomplished. Mohammed Shah, who had imprisoned all his uncles and put out the eyes of some of his brothers, graciously consented, on the solicitation of his Britannic Majesty William IV to let Firmân Firmân go in peace, at any rate for the time. Two of the young princes, however, are believed to have come to an untimely end not very long after their return.

The first part of the work, which is lying before us, is occupied with an account of Persian affairs connected with Mohammed Shah's accession. The story is as horrible as it is complicated. At last the three princes started on their journey, accompanied by Assaad Kayat, a Christian, who acted as interpreter. They reached Damascus without adventure, and proceeded across the Lebanon to Beyrout, and thence to Alexandria in a steamer. This appears to have been their first experience of steam navigation—in fact, of any navigation at all. They found it interesting, but by no means pleasant. Their account of the steam-vessel, with its iron room, its pipes, its wheels, its mineral coals, and its noise, "which may be heard more than three miles distant," is very graphic, and is charmingly fresh; but, alas! the occupation of watching the engine had soon to be exchanged for less pleasing duties. "A little after sunset," writes Najaf, "we saw the smoke going to heaven, and the vessel left the harbour, and our constitution was immediately deranged. Every one of us was thus affected in spite of ourselves, and we were obliged to cast down in any place, knowing nothing of the world, or whether we were alive or dead. Our servants fell one upon another like dead persons. At night we knew not what would happen to us in the morning."

The princes appear to have been uncommonly bad sailors. Between Alexandria and Malta they had rough weather and contrary winds, and a certain "rod of glass bored and fixed into a piece of wood" indicated to their captain that they had a narrow escape of a hurricane. "Sometimes we saw the vessel lifted up to the seventh heaven, and sometimes sunk into the seventh earth, or to the shoulders

of the bullock of the earth;* sometimes our feet were above and our head down. Every moment we expected ourselves offered as a sacrifice to those that dwell in the sea!" They ran short of coals too, and were not a little thankful when H.M.S. Spitfire appeared on the scene and supplied their necessities; for their ship, which had been "The Tartar of the sea," had become like "a weak donkey."

At length, after a most sensational journey, Falmouth was reached, and right glad were their royal highnesses to put up for a day or two at the "Green Bank Hotel," and to get a bath. Their first impressions of England, gained from the mail-coach in which they proceeded towards London, were of course considerably exaggerated, though probably there was no conscious attempt to draw the long bow in the following extract from their journal:—

"From the time we left Falmouth till we arrived at London we did not see a span of earth uninhabited. In all places along the roads and streets we observed men and women walking arm in arm; also coaches and carriages, in which there were ladies like the houris, running in every direction. Every moment increased our surprise as we advanced. Even the peasants that dwell in villages have lofty and beautiful houses [what a pity they don't know it!] Outside of every house there are beautiful gardens, adorned with very fine flowers, where ladies, splendidly dressed, take their walks. All the time of our travels in this country, our eyes did not see a single handbreadth of earth, but all covered with delightful green, roses, and all kinds of flowers, guarded by the nightingales singing. Such air or water are scarcely in this world; indeed, what there is to be seen is enough to take away the breath. It is the first story of paradise, the majestic moon, the nightingales on the trees standing with pride, the roses resembling the cheeks of the inhabitants. In all the roads there are lanterns lighted; also the houses give out their lights from the windows: in short, our travelling in midnight was not less pleasant than that of midday."

They stopped the following morning at Exeter, and were much delighted with the magnificence of the hotel, and with the idea of each person having a clean towel and a nice piece of soap all to himself. Punctuality, they found, was the order of the day in England, and soon they were on their journey again, travelling among beautiful gardens, up "graduated hills," and along streets "so well paved that you do not see a speck of mud in them." Observing alongside the road sundry creatures, which they described as "partridges, gazelles, deer, and other game, grazing without fear," the princes thought they might as well shoot some of them, and were astonished to be told that each one of those animals and birds had a master, without whose permission they could not be shot.

Arriving at Bath they had much to admire, especially the wooden barrel with a hollow tube pierced with small holes through which the water pours out, so that all the streets were sprinkled with water in a

* Some Mohammedans believe that the earth is supported on one of the horns of a bullock; and when he is tired of carrying it on one horn he shifts it to the other, a movement which naturally accounts for earthquakes.

few seconds, which a hundred water-carriers could not do in five hours. Then came a second cart and swept away the dirt, so that in a minute "all the street became as clean as a looking-glass." Whilst at Bath Najaf nearly lost his heart. He tells the story thus:—

"While we were sitting, behold, a sun appeared from our east, shining and flashing. On seeing this incomparable beauty, and beholding this lovely face like the full moon, I lost my senses, not to say that I lost my sight in admiration. No, my eyes by beholding her smiling became a hundred times more powerful. The delightful odour of her hair fell into my heart, and I was obliged to rise up and invite her to sit by my side, paying her all honourable respect. My heart died away, and unless my mind had gained strength to maintain conversation with this visitor, I should have appeared as if I were lost. I asked who she was. This full moon was the daughter of a captain in the East Indies."

The young gentlemen appear to have been very impressive, if, that is to say, we are to take any account of the "moonly faces," "dazzling planets," "jasmine hands," "illustrious hours," allusions to which are thick and threefold. Taymoor Meerza positively fell in love with a young lady, and gave up the idea of returning to Persia. She, however, did not reciprocate the fervid attachment of which she was the object, but threw herself away upon a young Englishman, much to Taymoor's disgust.

When they reached London the princes found rooms prepared for them at Mivart's Hotel, and Sir Gore Ouseley, formerly ambassador at the Persian Court, at once paid his respects to them. From that time forward they found themselves busily occupied in sight-seeing by day, and festivities of various kinds at night. First came the charity children's service at St. Paul's, of which they give a spirited account, adding, as well they might, that the children sang so pleasantly, "that it nourished the heart" to hear them. Then came the opera, all particulars about which are fully detailed. Then the Zoological Gardens, where they found congregated "all the creatures that the ear hath heard of as well as those not previously known, all that might or might not have been mentioned in histories." The most surprising thing of all to their minds was "the excellent order in which these myriads of animals and birds are kept." "Verily," they add, "a visit to a place like this brings to the mind the power of the Omnipotent; the eyes are dazzled, the mind is surprised, the heart is agitated, and curiosity takes its utmost fill." It was probably the knowledge of this visit, and of its effects upon the young princes, that caused our late royal guest to break through the plans arranged for him on a certain afternoon, and go straight off to the Zoological Gardens.

The wonders of freemasonry, a fancy ball, picture galleries, the Coliseum and the Polytechnic, in turn opened new sources of interest. Dancing was at first regarded with curiosity. "When the music began, every person took a lady by the hand and went dancing while we were admiring. They who cannot dance are considered neither respectable nor completely educated. Many of the ladies asked us to dance with them. Now we were puzzled what to say; however, we were obliged to take oath that we did not know how, that our mother did not care to teach us, and, thank God, we did never dance. God protect the faithful!"

Of course they visited the Thames Tunnel, which they considered sure to succeed in a pecuniary point of view; they also saw what we take to have been the Vauxhall Gardens at night, and were much pleased with the fireworks; then, by way of variety, they attended a prize-giving at King's College. The day on which they first travelled in a train was a great one in their calendar. "Steam coaches," they justly say, "are especially applicable to England, because it is small, but contains an enormous population. Therefore, in order to do away with the necessity for horses, and that the land which is sown with horse-corn may be cultivated with wheat, and that England might thereby support a much greater population, they have with their ingenious skill invented this miraculous wonder, so as to have railroads from the capital to all parts of the kingdom. The roads on which the coaches are placed are made of iron bars. The coach is so fixed that no air or wind can do it any harm, and twenty or thirty coaches may be fixed to the first in the train, and these one after the other. All that seems to draw these coaches is a box of iron in which they put water to boil. Underneath, this iron box is like an urn, and from it rises the steam which gives the wonderful force; when the steam rises up, the wheels take their motion, the coach spreads its wings, and the travellers are like birds. We found it very agreeable; it does not give more, but even less, motion than horses; whenever we came to be in sight of a distant place, in a second we passed it."

Space will not allow us to extract their descriptions of balloons, or "domes flying to heaven," of gas, or "the spirit of coals," of the Thames, the water of which is said to be very heavy, and not at all good for digestion; of the letter-post, of the Woolwich arsenal and dockyard, or even of the wonderful fleas. Two of the princes went to Madame Tussaud's, and were almost petrified with astonishment. When they recovered themselves they resolved to play a trick on the third, who was the writer of the journal. They were to pay a visit to the royal family on a particular day, but secret orders were given to drive to Madame Tussaud's instead. Najaf says: "I entered the place, and found it a splendid hall. The king was sitting on the imperial throne, with the crown on his head, and clad in a splendid royal robe of jewels. In the same manner the queen was seated, in her most magnificent robe of precious stones. All the members of the royal family were there in full uniform, making a circle round the king; dukes, princes, viziers, and nobles all standing before him. The hall was beautifully lighted up with magnificent chandeliers. I then approached the king, bowing down my head, and my brothers stood behind me. The king, much to my surprise, did not appear to acknowledge my presence." He then turned to the queen, but failed to draw the slightest sign of recognition from her. Observing a minister, dressed most magnificently, without a hat on his head, standing before the queen, he went to him, and suggested that the royal family should treat their guests with more politeness. But the man did not give any answer, neither uttered a word. "I then," he continues, "took his hand, saying, Why do you not give an answer to my question? When I shook his hand, he fell down. I then observed that he was dead, and I was astonished to find that all of them also were dead persons." He finishes the story by saying, "So wonderful are the arts of the Franks!"

Many things about England and the English struck these young princes, such as our respect for women: "The poorest female is higher than a king;" our value of time and our punctual habits, for which purpose we have such a quantity of watches and clocks; our cloudy and rainy weather, owing to our being "near the North Pole;" the immense wealth of the country; our freedom from rude language and vindictive feeling; our love of law, which obviates the necessity of force; our charitable institutions; our diligence and energy in working by day and night, most of the affairs of state being settled in the small hours; and, last but not least, our love of money. The English, they say with some truth, are not accustomed to entertain strangers in their houses like the Easterns; and unless they see some prospect of advantage they will not spend a dinar. But when they observe a prospect of gain they spend millions; "they even plant now, and have no objection to gather the fruit after a hundred years. . . . They always take great interest in establishing peace between such powers as are at war, even if they spend millions of money on it. Their policy is, that war would take away the security and happiness of the people; that commerce would be stopped, and their trade much injured. But if the world remain in peace, their goods will always be wanted." The power and liberty of the press surprised them, as did the right of the British tax-payer "to rise up in the House of Commons and seize the vizier by the collar, saying, 'What have you done with my money?'" In one passage the prosperity of the country is traced to its "justice, righteousness, and mutual love."

At length the time came for their royal highnesses to return to their fatherland. They travelled through Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Turkey, and met with various adventures, one of them apparently nearly dying of the plague at Constantinople. No country seemed to have interested them so much as England, if we may judge from their journal. Whether the same is the case with our late royal visitor remains to be seen. Their final reflections as to life in London may well conclude this paper:—"We were nearly four months in London, spending every other day in a garden and every second in an exhibition; not a day or a night passed without our receiving some invitation. We cannot even describe an item of the friendship and hospitality which we received from the people of this kingdom, from the highest to the lowest. . . . If a man wishes to travel and examine this kingdom, and desires to know much about it, were he to remain here a hundred years he would be unable to see the tenth part. But I have done according to the saying, 'If it cannot all be comprehended, it must not all be neglected.' In this short time I have written what I have seen and can recollect; it will be taken into consideration that I do not understand their language. May the end be happy!"

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES.

WE are not going to meddle with French politics, nor to tell how Thiers fell, and MacMahon rose. But, as a matter of history, some account of the origin and procedure of the now celebrated Assembly will be welcome to many readers. To understand the nature of the Assembly that now

directs the destinies of France from the midst of the camps of Versailles, one must go back to the circumstances of its election. On the 28th January, 1871, Paris capitulated, and an armistice of twenty-one days was arranged to permit the election of an Assembly that should decide the question of accepting the conditions of peace or continuing the war. The electors were convoked under the electoral law of the 15th March, 1849, a law based on the principle of universal suffrage, and due in great part to the influence of the then president, Louis Napoleon. Legally speaking, the present Assembly therefore represents the whole French nation; but, as a matter of fact, there is no doubt that many of the deputies do not represent the wishes of their constituents.

The elections took place on February 8th, 1871, and the electors had barely ten days' notice. In the haste and confusion of the time, only the immediate object of the Assembly could be fairly considered, and many Monarchists were selected because they were the most likely persons to oppose the reckless war policy of the Radicals, and to insist on the necessity of peace. Two days after the elections the first meeting was held in the theatre of Bordeaux; and M. Thiers, who had been returned by twenty-six Departments, was inevitably chosen as Chief of the Executive. Under his patriotic and astute guidance, the rival factions agreed to work together for the liberation and reorganisation of the country, and to leave the question of the definitive form of government until the Prussians had left French territory; and this agreement was designated the Pacte de Bordeaux. Peace having been concluded, the question whether the Chamber should be transferred to the capital was warmly discussed. A large majority of the deputies, having little confidence in the discretion of the armed rabble of Paris, voted against the measure, and Versailles was ultimately accepted as the seat of the Assembly. The wisdom of this decision was soon proved when the Assembly was preserved by the guns of Mont Valérien from an armed attack by the rabble in question. The events of the Commune showed the danger of delaying the choice of a definitive government, the endeavours of the Socialist Radicals to obtain a dissolution proved the necessity of avoiding such a measure, and therefore the present Assembly declared itself constituent, and has undertaken the work of settling the future polity of France. Such is the origin and position of the Assembly at Versailles; it is a constituent and provisional body, representing no fixed institution save universal suffrage. The source of this institution, as well as of the actual form of the Assembly, is to be found in the history of Versailles, and especially in that of the very hall where the Assembly now holds its sittings; nowhere could more exciting associations conjoin to foment the political passions of the factions that compose it.

The Assembly is installed in the splendid theatre that occupies the extreme end of the north wing of the Palace of Versailles. Louis XIV, although lavishing sums that impoverished the country on whatever could add to the regal magnificence of Versailles, established no theatre within the actual buildings of his palace; but the more frivolous and less decorous Louis XV, in deference to the taste of Madame de Pompadour, ordered the construction of this saloon, which is ornamented in the florid style of his reign. It was not finished for many years, and was inaugurated, in 1770, for the marriage of the

dauphin with Marie Antoinette. Nineteen years later, after being reserved for only the most important festivities, this hall was opened for a supper given by the body-guard of Louis XVI to the officers of the newly-arrived Flanders regiment. The boxes were filled with courtiers, the soldiers were introduced towards the end of the banquet, and, as had been expected, the ceremony became a demonstration of fidelity to the king. Guards, officers, and soldiers, with drawn swords, drink the king's health, omitting that of the nation; the trumpets sound a charge; the expressive song, "Oh, d'ichard! ô mon roi! l'univers t'abandonne!" is chanted in chorus; the king, returning from a hunt, and followed by the queen, bearing the dauphin in her arms, suddenly appears in the midst of the excitement; maddened by enthusiasm, the guests tear off the national badge, and replace it by the white cockades of the king, showered upon them by the ladies of the court. Three days later the armed rabble of Paris march upon Versailles, attempt to massacre the guards, and force the king to reside henceforth in the capital, at the discretion of the Parisian mob. The imprudent demonstration in the theatre was the chief cause of this step, and the hopes of the old monarchy were thus finally defeated by one effervescence of unthinking passion in the hall where the Assembly now sits, while its final ruin was decided in its transference to Paris from Versailles. These two facts must be often present to the minds of those who sit in the Assembly.

While the banquet of the guards was taking place, the first National Assembly was sitting in another portion of the palace. This body arose out of the old *Etats Généraux*, composed of lords, clergy, and commons, and which it was the custom of the French kings to convoke in very important difficulties. But when the *Etats Généraux* were convoked by Louis XVI to meet the difficulties created by the reckless extravagance of his predecessors, the strong spirit of caste that characterised the French aristocracy, and the equally stubborn temper of the commons, made it impossible to arrange the forms under which the sittings were to be carried on. After some weeks had been lost in such preliminary disputes, the commons, being equal in number to nobles and clergy combined, and being supported by the populace, took the initiative, and summoned the two other Estates to join in their deliberations. These bodies having neglected the summons, the commons immediately assumed the direction of affairs, and, the two other Estates being absent, the name of *Etats Généraux* was changed to that of *Assemblée Nationale*. Many of the nobles and clergy subsequently joined them, but the separate constitution of the Estates was at an end. Having thus, under the protection of the populace, defied the authority of the king and renounced the respect for ancient customs, the commons declared themselves sovereign, and subsequently decreed that equality which is the basis of universal suffrage. It has ever since been dangerous to touch that principle of equality, and therefore the present National Assembly is a single Chamber. In the public racket-court of Versailles there is an inscription recording the fact that the commons of 1789 there swore never to separate until they had settled the constitution. That oath was taken in defiance of the king who had convoked them, and the clubs of the present Assembly have met in the same locality to take the same decision in defiance of the people who elected them. Thus

the present Assembly is sovereign and constituent, and violations of precedent and the respect for authority are now expiated with their own weapons.

A vast camp extends between Versailles and Paris, and the fort of Mont Valérien commands the approaches from the capital. The troops are lodged in huts in the parks of Versailles and St. Cloud, and along the avenues of the former town. Versailles is within thirty minutes' rail from Paris, and has about forty thousand inhabitants. It is a dull, countrified town, intersected by wooded avenues that hide the houses, while grass grows in the squares. But the streets now swarm with soldiers, and the neighbourhood of the palace is often besieged by anxious crowds awaiting the decisions of the Assembly. The deputies, loaded with blue-books not less ponderous than those of Downing Street, enliven the avenue leading to the Paris station, and foreign correspondents compose despatches on the shady benches beneath the trees. When the sittings are prolonged, and a temporary rising affords time for dinner, the insufficient accommodation of the hotels and restaurants gives rise to curious scenes. The deputies crowd the public dining-rooms, and dukes, generals, and Radical journalists are all mingled in a joint tussle for a meal. Dishes are temptingly offered in exchange for votes, and the bitterest political enmities are replaced by good-humoured jesting and the admirable temper that especially characterises a Frenchman in a scramble.

The Assembly consists of about 750 members, elected by the votes of all Frenchmen who have not lost their civil rights through criminal proceedings. Each of the Departments into which France is divided returns a particular number of deputies, fixed according to its population. Thus, the Department of the Seine returns forty-three representatives, while that of the Hautes Alpes returns only two. The voters drop papers, bearing the name of the representative they prefer, into boxes under the charge of the local authorities. Each deputy receives from government about a pound a day, which is a very fair salary in France; and as there are hardly any electioneering expenses, a political career is thus a practical profession open to all clever men.

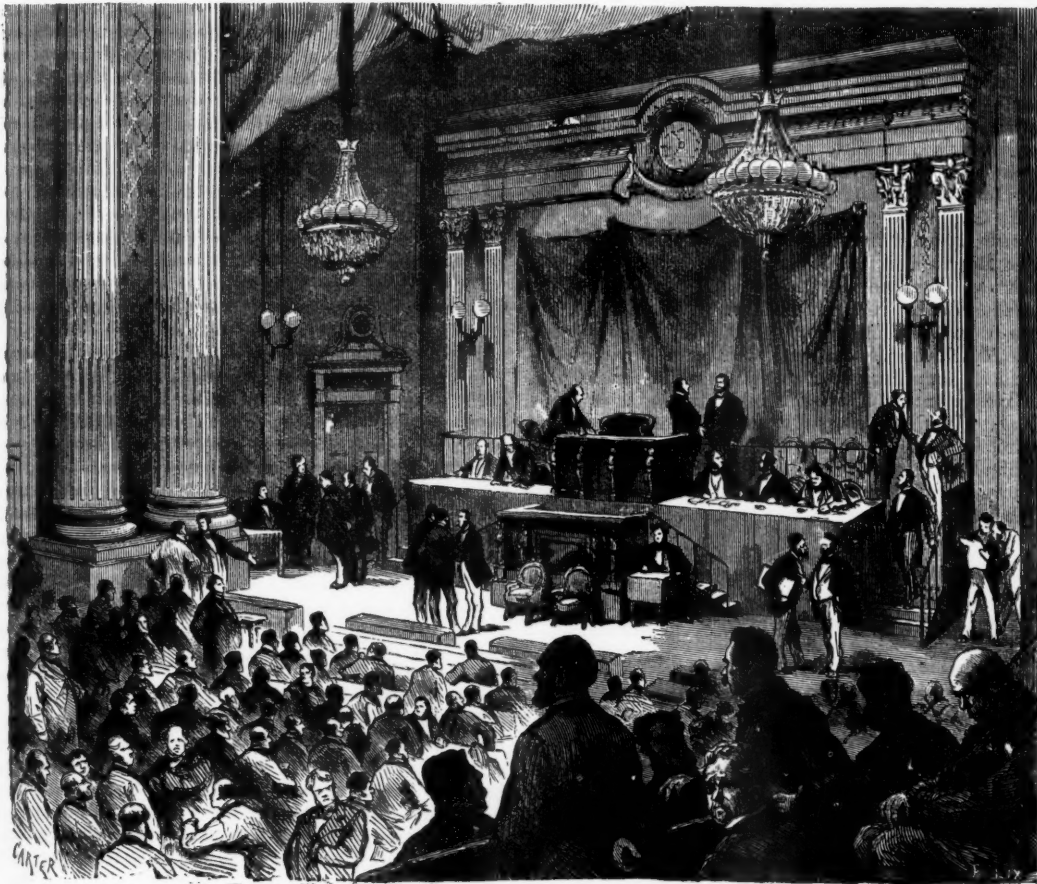
On the first meeting of the Chamber its office-bearers are elected. These, who form what is called the *bureau*, consist of a president of the Assembly, four vice-presidents, six secretaries, and three questors. The president of the Assembly sits in a lofty pulpit, and is provided with a hand-bell, by ringing which he can usually silence other noises; but if the noise drowns the bell, he can suspend the sitting by putting on his hat. He corresponds to our Speaker, all questions regarding the rules and forms are referred to his authority, he gives the casting vote for an equal division, and receives for his arduous duties about £2,400 a year, as well as rooms in the precincts of the Assembly. The secretaries occupy a raised pew beside the president, and it is their business to count the votes of the house. The questors are the administrative officers; their chief controls all arrangements for the comfort of the deputies, and regulates the provisions made for admitting the press and public. He receives a yearly salary of £200 besides his pay as a deputy, but is the recognised enemy of the public and the perpetual butt of the wits of the Parisian press. Special boxes are reserved for the president of the republic, the diplomatic body, and other notables; the Paris and

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provincial press have their reporters' gallery; and the general public are admitted to the remaining boxes, on presentation of a card of admission obtained from a deputy. A full report of the proceedings is taken down each day by official shorthand writers, and published next morning in the "Journal Officiel." The wording of the speeches, and the parenthetical notices of signs of approbation or disapproval, are carefully read by the deputies, and

ing importance may, however, be voted "urgent," and such, as well as ministerial bills, escape the "initiative" test, while the former may be almost immediately passed. The votes of the House are given either by the alternate rising of the "ayes" and "noes," or by each deputy writing his name on a white or blue card, and dropping it into a box handed round by the secretaries. An "order of the day," arranged by the work of the commissions and



THE THEATRE AT VERSAILLES.

objected to if incorrect. Other journals publish similar reports, as well as critical or humorous accounts of the sittings. The entire cost of the Assembly is about £320,000 per annum.

The 750 deputies are divided by lot into fifteen committees, which elect their presidents. Each committee deposes one or more members to compose the commissions appointed to consider special questions, as the Commission des Trente, appointed to construct a nominally Republican constitution. Measures submitted to the House are usually first considered by a commission of "initiative," composed of two delegates from each committee. If found worthy of discussion it is then brought forward in open session, subsequently sent to be reported on by another commission, and finally, if not thrown out, read three times in the House. Measures of press-

the preceding votes of the House, decides the course of business, and important speeches are usually announced some days before delivery. The orator, even if he has only a few words to say, must mount the *tribune*, a raised pulpit immediately beneath that of the president. Here he is provided with sugar and water, and the president can easily encourage him if needful, or restrain him if requisite. If the speech is important its points are greeted with every kind of demonstration by friends or enemies, and the House occasionally imitates a zoological garden, and sometimes sends forth an orator in a state of excitement that, to English eyes, would suggest raving madness. Unless a reply is to be of exceptional length it is usually made at once, and though the tribune is thus sometimes besieged by a mob of smarting opponents of the last orator, these

either give way to each other, or their order of precedence is decided by the president. Meanwhile, the friends of the successful speaker rush to congratulate him; he is eagerly shaken by the hand, patted on the back, and occasionally embraced. A scene of indescribable confusion continues for some minutes, while the next orator imbibes his sugared water, and the president vigorously rings for silence over his head.

Whatever may be objected to the composition of the present Assembly, there can be no doubt that it presents the fairest possible selection of all the notables of France. Men notable for birth, for wealth, for talent, for honesty, for eccentricity, and even for impudence, are all fairly represented, though it would be invidious to say in what proportions. The political opinions of each member cannot, of course, be exactly ascertained, but the various parties may be approximately estimated as follows:—Radical, 70; Liberal Republicans, 167; Moderate Republicans, 89; Conservative Republicans, 41; Bonapartists, 26; Liberal Conservatives, 43; Monarchists, 275; Legitimists, 47. Disregarding the question of their opinions, we may name as leading politicians the Duc de Broglie, M. de Kerdrel, M. Ernoul, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, M. Batbie, M. Belcastel, and M. Rouher. Among men who have distinguished themselves in literature as well as in politics, we may mention Thiers, Henri Martin, and Louis Blanc, all three specially eminent as historians; Littré, Guinet, Jules Simon, and Vacherot as philosophical writers; Dupanloup and De Pressensé as writers on religious questions, the first being Bishop of Orleans, and the second a Protestant clergyman.

THE WORKING CLASSES ABROAD.

XI.—SPAIN.

SPAIN, taken at the best, presents a very poor prospect to the working man intending to emigrate in search of employment. According to Mr. Ffrench, who writes from Madrid, the capital, it is impossible to determine with anything like accuracy the value of money in Spain, inasmuch as the price of provisions varies, not only in every province and in every town, but also in every village, there being no such thing as marketable value as we understand it. The value of everything is just what can be got for it; consequently, any purchase, from the most expensive articles of luxury down to the poorest vegetable, entails a system of haggling and bargaining. The working classes live cheaper than they do in England, simply because they have less to spend and must put up with inferior food—meat with them being a rare luxury. They clothe themselves as they best can, and lodge in the rudest manner within four bare walls, where, if they have nothing else, they can boast of plenty of ventilation, there being no glass to the windows. The work they do is generally bad, not so much through incompetence as through their intolerable laziness, the artisans passing the time they should be at work in smoking and chattering, and displaying what ingenuity they have, not in the exercise of their craft, but rather in cheating their employers. No account is furnished of the wages of artisans and mechanics in Madrid.

In the province of *Alicante*, where the industry is

chiefly agricultural, the wage of field labourers varies from about 8*d.* a day to as much as 2*s.* At the town of Alcoy, in the interior of the province, there is a population of 28,000, of whom some 6,000 are employed in the mills and manufactories of woollen cloth, where the spinners and weavers earn from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* a day, and the foremen are paid 3*s.* 2*d.* The hours of labour are long, many of the mills working from fifteen to eighteen hours a day. There are also establishments of iron and brass founders, machine makers, etc. This town is further famous for the manufactory of paper for making cigarettes. There are forty-nine manufactories in the town and the adjacent villages, which are computed to produce among them annually 558,000 reams, employing altogether over 3,000 hands, including women and children. The wages of the foremen are 3*s.* 4*d.* a day, and those of the ordinary hands vary from 2*s.* 1*d.* to as low 5*d.* The expenses of an adult operative are reckoned at about 10*d.* a day, and the rent of a small house for his family is 6*s.* 3*d.* a month. The food of the workers is generally bread, vegetables, fruit, salt fish, and a little wine, on which diet they enjoy tolerably good health. Cotton stuffs form their clothing in summer, woollen stuffs in winter.

In the city of *Valencia* there has been for many years past a failure of work, in consequence of the decadence of the silk manufactures, which have been outstripped by France; one result is that the wages now paid to workmen are barely sufficient to support their families on the most frugal fare. The pay of the common labourers is in the town from 1*s.* 5*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* a day; in the country from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 5*d.*; and it is their custom to attend certain hiring-places, where they may be engaged for the day or the job. Masons are paid from 2*s.* 1*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a day; carpenters and locksmiths from 1*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*; sawyers from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 1*d.*; fitters and turners in the machine-shops, 2*s.* 1*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*; iron-founders 1*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.* The weavers of woollen stuffs and baizes, etc., work in their own houses, chiefly in villages near the town, and have work all the year round. They are a thriving and respectable class, earning about 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, living comfortably, by dint of frugality and temperance, in small houses, for which they pay about 7*s.* a year. Seamstresses are paid from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* a day; tailors earn from 2*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.*, and cutters from 3*s.* 4*d.* to as much as 8*s.* a day; shoemakers receive 1*s.* 10*d.* a day; hatters from 2*s.* 2*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*, with extra pay for overwork, of which they do a good deal; watch-makers earn from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.* a day; saddlers, 13*s.* a week, and skin-dressers the same. Fan-makers earn from 2*s.* 1*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.* a day; chocolate-makers about 2*s.* 6*d.* a day; cigar-makers, men, 2*s.* 1*d.* a day, women, 10*d.* The silk trade has so much declined that the workmen can earn only from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* a day, working all the summer so long as the daylight lasts, from dawn to sunset. The stevedores at the port seem to be the best paid industrials, their wages varying from 4*s.* 2*d.* a day to 6*s.* 3*d.* The usual food of the working classes is, for breakfast, dried fish (tunny, codfish, or pilchards), capicum, bread, fruit, and wine; for dinner, a stew of codfish or tunny, but generally a thick soup of rice with parsnips or beans, bread, fruit, and wine; and the same fare for supper. The average earnings of a Valencian artisan are calculated at a trifle over £34 a year, and his expenditure for necessaries is about £30.

The artisans of *Cadiz* are remarkable for a rather defiant independence of character; they reside in dwellings much superior both as to comfort and appearance to those generally at the command of the English workman. They generally elect to work on their own account, and acknowledge no master—the terms of engagement between employers and employed being usually of an informal and non-binding nature. A workman, for instance, will throw up his occupation the moment it becomes disagreeable to him, and his employer is obliged to pay him up to the time of his going away, irrespectively of any inconvenience he may himself sustain from the suspension of the work. The wages of artisans in *Cadiz*, taking one craft with another, average about 3s. a day, a higher average than would be earned in most other towns and cities in the country. Provisions are about 20 per cent. dearer in *Cadiz* than in England; but the Spanish workman is accustomed to the practice of such rigid economy in respect to his general expenditure, and so inured to the restraints of strict parsimony, that he would regard as liberally remunerative wages which in England would be looked upon as insufficient for the necessities of life. He diets himself on the simplest fare, chiefly on bread with garlic, oil, or vinegar, and an occasional morsel of salted pork or fried fish, with whatever fruits may happen to be in season; and he rarely drinks anything but water.

There are hardly any industrial establishments at *Cadiz*. At the neighbouring arsenal of San Fernando there are, however, a number of experienced mechanics employed. There are, further, several navigation companies in the locality, and it is here, if anywhere, that an English workman might expect to find employment—though he would be likely to meet with nothing but disappointment were he to go out to *Cadiz* to seek it without a previous contract for engagement.

In the *Basque Provinces* there is no kind of opening for the introduction of British labour—a fact not much to be regretted, seeing that wages are not more than sufficient to provide a bare maintenance, and the labourers, who are a rough class, are offensively jealous of foreign competition. Further, the climate is damp, enervating, and most unhealthy for immigrants, being subject to violent heats, alternating with drenching rains; and in the districts where the labouring classes reside, typhoid fever is never absent.

In the *Balearic Islands*, the working classes seem on the whole a frugal and contented race, and comparatively free from some of the worst vices of northern workmen. In *Minorca* the wages of artisans vary from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a day, but they are in the enjoyment of comforts quite disproportionate to their rate of wages. This is partly owing to the great division of property in the island. Many of the workmen have cottages of their own as well as a small piece of land. The cottages are simply furnished, and kept remarkably clean, and it may be owing to this that they are so generally healthy. Every family in the island lives in a separate dwelling, the young people remaining with their parents until their marriage. Their diet is simple, consisting of rice, potatoes, and other vegetables, and in winter a little fish or meal, and coffee. Of wine they make but sparing use. Both sexes are rather given to indulgence in dress, which occasionally leads them into difficulties.

In *Majorca* the proportion which the industrial classes bear to the agricultural population is exceedingly small. The shoemakers are the most numerous; they are remarkable for their skill, and their labours supply the material for a considerable colonial export trade, which affords employment to a large number of persons in both *Majorca* and *Minorca*. But with the exception of shoemaking there is hardly any native industry the produce of which would bear comparison with that of other manufacturing countries. Until lately the *Balearic Islands* held but little communication with the European ports; the requirements of the inhabitants were but limited, and were supplied by the imperfect productions of their own industry; but since the establishment of better means of intercourse with the Peninsula, there has arisen a trade with Barcelona, whence goods of a superior quality are introduced. There are no large manufactories in the islands affording openings for foreign labour. The largest is the cotton factory at Port Mahon, in *Minorca*, which employs about 350 persons, chiefly women, and pays them by piece-work. In all possible trades practised in these islands women are employed, and hence the scale of wages is low. The hours of labour are thirteen a day, with three hours allowed for meals and rest. The value of money is about the same, so far as the necessities of life are concerned, as in England; but a native workman can economise by his penurious mode of living, and make himself comfortable with an income that would be poverty to an Englishman. Palma, the capital of *Majorca*, has on three occasions been visited by epidemics of cholera and yellow fever, which have caused a total stagnation of trade, throwing workmen of all classes out of employment.

In the *Canary Islands* capital and industry are chiefly employed in agriculture, the chief produce of the soil being cochineal and tobacco. The agricultural labourers are gentle in manners, but totally uneducated; they live mostly on vegetable food relished with oil and garlic, and instead of bread, which is dear, make use of a kind of dough called "gofie," which is a mixture of Indian corn, barley, and other grain, with enough water to give it consistency. They wear an English blanket as an overcoat in winter, and house themselves in huts or cellars in the outskirts of towns. Their wages are from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a day, and the best off among them are the owners of a pig, a goat, a dog, or a donkey. There is nothing in their condition at all calculated to excite the envy of our rural labourers. The artisan class consists chiefly of masons and stonecutters, carpenters, boot and shoe makers, tinmen, blacksmiths, and a few silversmiths, whose occupation is the repairing of trinkets imported from France and Germany; to them may be added a few so-called watchmakers, who undertake the cleaning and repairing of clocks and watches. The whole of the artisan class are backward in their callings, and show no special aptitude for the crafts they follow. Many of them can neither read nor write, but all are politicians and sighing for a republic. Their wages vary from 1s. 6d. to 3s. a day. At Santa Cruz, Tenerife, there is a small factory of earthenware; and in the Island of Palma there is a silk factory; there are also other small factories in the Canaries for making lucifer matches, cigarette paper, etc., the wages in all of them being about 1s. 3d. a day, working from sunrise to sunset.

The climate of the Canary Islands is most agreeable and salubrious. The thermometer ranges from 64 deg. to an average maximum of 84 deg. Fahrenheit; thus there is no cold weather throughout the year, and the heat of summer, never very great, is mitigated by the invigorating trade winds which blow from April to October. Still the mortality of Santa Cruz, the capital of the Canaries, is higher than that of London. No sanitary precautions are taken beyond the quarantine restrictions, which have not prevented the appearance of the yellow fever in the town, which disease has occasionally inflicted fearful ravages.

Trade in the Canaries seems to be a kind of monopoly. There is neither co-operation nor competition. The retailers agree in one thing, and that is in exacting outrageous prices. The very necessities of life are often sold at a profit of 200 to 300 per cent. Bread is 3d. a pound; meat is a monopoly in the hands of the municipality; fish is the monopoly of a few seafaring men, who have the sole privilege of fishing, who only put to sea when the weather is inviting, who catch as much or as little as they like in waters swarming with excellent fish, and sell their catches at any price they choose to demand. The wine of the country is poor stuff, and sold at 1s. a gallon, and English beer is retailed at four times as much. It is not likely that an English workman will be tempted to seek employment in the Canaries. It is true that nothing would be better calculated to develop the natural resources of these islands than the application to them of the skill and enterprise of foreign workers; but until the Spanish Government has learned to entertain that view, and to accord the necessary guarantees for the security of those who should make the experiment, any attempt in that direction, whether on the part of individuals or associated bodies, would be hopeless.

The reports from the Spanish colonies do not require notice here.

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

MANY correspondents have written about their experience in dreamland, in further illustration of the series of papers which we published on this subject. We select from their communications a few more remarkable cases, chiefly of dreams already recorded on good authority.

A WILTSHIRE FARMER'S DREAM.

Early in the present century a Wiltshire farmer had a dream soon after midnight, thrice repeated, to the effect that there was something wrong going on in a certain field of his; and after dreaming this the third time, so strong was his impression of its being a reality that he arose, and taking his gun set out for the spot. It was summer time, and an hour or two before dawn. On reaching the field, he saw, in a remote part of it, a faint glimmering light, towards which he directed his steps. On approaching he found a man in the act of digging what appeared to be intended for a grave, the light being at the bottom. "What are you doing here?" demanded the farmer. But without replying the fellow bounded off at the top of his speed, leaving behind him his jacket, in a pocket of which was found a murderous weapon in the form of a knife. The farmer did not pursue, but retraced his steps; and on approaching

his house met one of his servant-girls carrying a bundle. He inquired whither she was going at that unseasonable hour. But having formed her plan she seemed bent on carrying it out, and showed a disposition to avoid him. This, however, he would not permit, and insisted upon having an explanation. It appeared that the wretched man who had just been surprised in the act of preparing for his wicked design, had promised to marry the girl; and the arrangement was that she should clandestinely leave her place and meet him at a specified hour and spot in the field in question, bringing with her the money she had saved while in service. It need hardly be said that after being apprised by her master of what he had just witnessed the poor girl was only too glad and thankful to return with him: thus doubtless escaping, through the interposition of a merciful Providence, an untimely and violent death. T. H.

SAVED BY A DREAM.

In June, 1752, Mr. Robert Aikenhead, farmer in Denstrath of Arnhall, in the Mearns, about five miles north of Brechin and seven from Montrose, went to a market called Tarrenty Fair, where he had a large sum of money to receive. His eldest son, Robert, a boy between seven and eight years old, was sent to take care of the cattle, and happened to lie down upon a grassy bank, and before sunset fell fast asleep.

Although the boy had never been far from home, he was immediately carried in his imagination to Tarrenty market, where he dreamed that his father, after receiving the money, set out on his return home, and was followed all the way by two ill-looking fellows, who, when he had got to the western dykes of Inglismauld (the seat of the then Lord of Halkerton, now Earl of Kintore), and little more than a mile from home, attacked and attempted to rob him; whereupon the boy thought he ran to his assistance, and when he came within a gunshot of the place called out some people who were just going to bed, who put the robbers to flight. He immediately awoke in a fright, and without waiting to consider whether it was a vision or a reality, ran as fast as he could to the place he had dreamed of, and no sooner reached it than he saw his father in the very spot and situation he had seen in his dream, defending himself with a stick against the assassins. He therefore immediately realised his own part of the visionary scene, by roaring out murder at the top of his voice, which soon brought out the people, who, running up to Mr. Aikenhead's assistance, found him victor over one of the villains whom he had previously knocked down with a stone, after they had pulled him off his horse, but almost overpowered by the other, who repeatedly attempted to stab him with a sword, against which he had no other defence than his stick and his hands, which were considerably mangled by grasping the blade. Upon sight of the country people, the villain who had the sword ran off, but the other not being able, was apprehended and lodged in jail. Meantime there was a hue and cry after young Robert, whose mother missing him, and finding the cattle among the corn, was in the utmost anxiety, concluding he had fallen into some water or peat moss. But her joy and surprise were equally great when her husband returned with the boy and told her how wonderfully both his money and life had been saved by his son's dream.—*Edinburgh Weekly Mirror*, 1781.

AN EXCEPTION WHICH PROVES THE RULE.

In the "Life and Letters of the Rev. R. H. Barham," author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," the following narrative occurs, as related to Mr. Barham by a friend who was told it by the dreamer himself:—A Mr. Phillips, secretary to Mr. Abbot, speaker of the House of Commons, stated to my friend Mr. Wood, that about the year 1805 he woke one night in some perturbation, having dreamed that he had been sentenced to be hanged, when the agony of his situation roused him at the very moment they were in the act of pinioning his arms in the press yard.

Heartily pleased at finding it but a dream, he turned and fell asleep again, when precisely the same scene was repeated, with the addition that he now reached the foot of the gallows, and was preparing to mount before he awoke. The crowd, the fatal tree, the hangman, the cord, all were represented to him with a frightful distinctness, and the impression was so vivid that he got out of bed and walked about the room for some minutes before he could reconcile himself to the idea of seeking rest on his pillow again. He was a long while before he could close his eyes, but towards morning he fell into a perturbed slumber, in which precisely the same tragedy was acted over again; he was led up to the scaffold, placed upon the drop, the rope was fitted to his neck by the executioner, whose features he distinctly recognised as those of the man whom he had seen in his former vision; the cap was drawn over his face, and he felt the trap giving way beneath his feet, when he once more awoke as in the very act of suffocation with a loud scream that was heard by a person sleeping in the next room.

Going to rest again was now out of the question, and Mr. Phillips describes himself as rising and dressing, though it was then hardly daybreak, in a state of the greatest possible excitement. Indeed, so strong a hold had this dream, so singularly repeated, taken upon his imagination, that he found it almost impossible to shake off the unpleasant feeling to which it gave rise, and had nearly resolved to send an excuse to a gentleman with whom he had engaged to breakfast, when the reflection that he must by so doing defer the settlement of important business, and all on account of a dream, struck him as so very pusillanimous a transaction that he determined to keep his appointment. He might, however, as well have stayed away, for his thoughts were so abstracted from the matter they met to discuss, and his manner was altogether so *distracted*, that his friend could not fail to remark it, and speedily closed the business by an abrupt inquiry if he was not unwell.

The hesitation and confusion exhibited in his answer drew forth other questions, and the matter terminated in Mr. Phillips fairly confessing to his old acquaintance the unpleasant impression made upon his mind, and its origin.

The latter, who possessed good nature as well as good sense, did not attempt to use any unwarrantable raillery, but endeavoured to divert his attention to other subjects, and their meal being ended, proposed a walk. To this Mr. Phillips willingly acceded, and having strolled through the park, they at length reached the house of the latter, where they went in. Several letters had arrived by that morning's post, and were lying on the table, which were soon opened and read. The last which Mr. Phillips took up was addressed to him by an old friend. It commenced—

"Dear Phillips,—You will laugh at me for my pains, but I cannot help feeling uneasy about you; do pray let me write and know how you are going on. It is exceedingly absurd, but I really cannot shake off the recollection of an unpleasant dream I had last night, in which I thought I saw you hanged."

The letter fell from the reader's hand; all his scarcely-recovered equanimity vanished; nor was it till some weeks had elapsed that he had quite recovered his former serenity of mind.

It is unfortunate for the lovers of the marvellous that five-and-twenty years have now elapsed, and Mr. Phillips has not yet come under the hands of "Jack Ketch." I suppose we must take it "exceptio probat regulam."

A DREAM LEADING TO CONVERSION.

A young lady, whose mind had become awakened to consider the subject of religion with special interest, dreamed of being in a place of worship where she heard a sermon; but when she awoke could remember nothing but the personal appearance of the preacher, and his text.

The impression on her mind, however, was very deep; and she resolved on the next Lord's day morning to "find the place that she dreamed of, even if she should go from one end of London to the other." About one o'clock she found herself in the heart of the city, where she dined, and afterwards set off again in search of the place of worship. About half-past two o'clock she saw a great number of people going down the Old Jewry, and determining to see where they went, she was led by them to the meeting-house of the Rev. Mr. Shower. She had no sooner entered the door than with great surprise she observed, "This is the very man I saw in my dream; and if every part of it holds true, he will take for his text Ps. cxvi. 7: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he arose to pray, every petition expressed the desire of her heart. Then followed the sermon which, to her joyous amazement, was on the very passage which had been impressed on her mind in her dream. The result was her conversion, and her finding that rest for her soul which she had so long sought elsewhere in vain.

STORIES VOUCHERED FOR BY DR. ABERCROMBIE.

Not less remarkable than the above was a case mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie, of a most respectable clergyman in a country parish in Scotland, who made a collection in his church for an object of public benevolence in which he felt deeply interested. The amount of the collection, which was received in ladles carried through the church, fell greatly short of his expectations, and during the evening of the day he frequently alluded to the fact with expressions of much disappointment. In the following night he dreamed that three one-pound notes had been left in one of the ladles, having been so compressed that they had stuck in the corner when the ladle was emptied. He was so impressed with the vision, that at an early hour he went to the church, found the ladle that he had seen in his dream, and drew from one of the corners of it the three one-pound notes.

The same writer tells of another clergyman who had gone to Edinburgh from a short distance in the country, and was sleeping at an inn, when he dreamed

of seeing a fire, and one of his children in the midst of it. He woke with the impression, and instantly returned home. When he arrived within sight of his house he found it was on fire, and reached the spot just in time to assist in saving one of his children, who in the alarm and confusion resulting from the fire had been left in a state of danger.

A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a coloured servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, accompanied by a gentleman, whom she prevailed upon to watch in an adjoining room the next night. About three o'clock in the morning the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied in a confused and hurried manner that he was going to mend his mistress's fire, which at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer was evidently impossible, and on further investigation a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.

A lady in Edinburgh had sent her watch to be repaired; a long time elapsed without her being able to recover it, and after many excuses she began to suspect that something was wrong. She now dreamed that the watchmaker's boy by whom the watch was sent had dropped it in the street, and injured it in such a manner that it could not be repaired. She then went to the master, and without any allusion to her dream put the question to him directly, when he confessed that it was true.

A FANTASTIC DREAM.

A physician writing in "All the Year Round" for 1859, relates a curious story, and suggests as curious a theory to account for it:—One night, he says, I had a vivid impression in a dream that a manservant who has lived with me many years was presenting me with some strange object that looked like a screen, over the whole of which was a scalloped pattern. In my dream I was immensely puzzled to make out what it was that produced the pattern; whether shells or marbles or any other variegated thing that would effect a tessellated appearance. The next morning I said, laughing, to my man: "John, what could it be that I dreamed last night you were making me a present of? It was a sort of a screen, with a pattern on it like this," and I rapidly sketched with a pencil on the back of a card, which I still preserve, the pattern I had seen in my dream.

"Why," said John, looking blank, "then you know all about it, sir? My wife, I suppose, has been showing you the screen we are making for you?"

"No, indeed, I assure you she has not, and I have never seen or had any hint of such a thing."

John's answer was to dart from the room and to bring back with him a curious piece of unfinished work. It was a canvas in the form of a square screen into which John's wife had sewed feathers of water-fowl which John had shot by a large mere near which we were living. The screen, which had made considerable progress, was the joint effort of the ingenious pair, and the feathers being assorted with many various colours, and shades of colours, sewed into the canvas by the quills, with their tops partly overlapping each other, produced a

fantastic and agreeable mosaic, which at least had the merit of complete originality. As I had never seen anything even remotely like it the inference was strong that John's brain was deeply preoccupied by his screen and its approaching presentation (he was actually cutting a feather at the time I rang my bell) and had impressed on my brain the dominant idea. Nothing could more exactly resemble the pattern I had drawn to show John what my dream had been than the real pattern. The screen has since been mounted under glass on a fine gilded frame, and is at this time an ornament to my drawing-room. It is singular to observe how it puzzles everybody who sees it for the first time, just as it did me in my dream, as to what the material is that produces its curious mosaic.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN ASSYRIA.

IT will be remembered that early in December of last year Mr. G. Smith, an Assyrian scholar, in the employ of the British Museum, read before one of our learned societies versions of an ancient legend embodying reminiscences of the Deluge. The clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters, to the decipherment of which we owe this remarkable addition to the old-world literature, were imperfect. Though found at Nineveh, they represented stories current in Chaldea, and inasmuch as these and many more had been found at a known spot, it was reasonably thought that others, and even the missing portions, might be recovered. The proprietors of the "Daily Telegraph" offered to pay the cost of a special expedition to Assyria, if arrangements could be made for Mr. Smith to undertake it. Arrangements were made, and Mr. Smith went. His intelligent activity found him abundant employment, and he has forwarded reports of remarkable discoveries which he has made. At Aleppo he met with a seal in Babylonian characters, which he thinks not later than the time of Moses. In the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris he discovered important relics, some of which he has described and translated.

The first is a memorial-stone tablet about three feet high, twenty-one inches wide, and fourteen inches thick. On one side is a number of curious mythological figures, including emblems of gods and demons, and a remarkable representation of a tower in stages, recalling the Birs Nimroud. On the other side are three columns of inscription, in 115 lines altogether, containing a royal charter or grant of land, from a king of Babylonia to a priest. The priest engages to perform certain religious ceremonies in return for the grant. The tablet bears the names of three kings of Babylonia, two of whom are unknown to history. It was originally found near the Tigris, and not far from Bagdad. One of the kings mentioned in it is Merodach-Baladan, an earlier king of the name of one of whom we read in Isaiah xxxix. 1, as sending letters and a present to Hezekiah. The inscription concludes with an imprecation on any one who alienates the land, or hides, destroys, or removes the stone: "The gods Anu, Bel and Hea, Ninip and Gula, these princes, and all the gods on this stone whose signs are seen, fiercely may they destroy his name, a full curse may they curse on him, calamity (?) may they bring on him; may his seed be

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removed in evil and not in good, and in the day of departing of life may he expire, and Shamas and Merodach tear him asunder, and may none mourn for him." Mr. Smith places the king Merodach-Baladan mentioned on this stone at B.C. 1320.

A second inscription, purchased at Mosul, is on a stone tablet about twenty inches long by nine broad. Both sides of the stone are written on, and contain eighty lines. It was discovered at Kalah Shergat, the site of the ancient city of Asshur, and is of about the same date as the one first described. As in the previous example, there are terrible maledictions upon those who treat the stone with disrespect. It is, however, interesting, Mr. Smith believes, especially because of its high antiquity, and the light it throws on an obscure period of Assyrian history.

The remaining inscriptions enumerated in the first report of Mr. Smith are thus described by him:—

"The rest of the inscriptions which I have acquired are borne on clay tablets or fragments of tablets and fragments of cylinders, and they come chiefly from Babylon, having been gleaned during my brief survey of the southern field. First, I have seven fragments, three of which fit together, making the remains in all of five tablets belonging to a set from the Babylonian library. They appear to be tablets of the Sumir, an ancient Turanian race inhabiting Babylonia, and they contain legends of the country's early history. They are for the most part written in Turanian, and accompanied by an interlinear rendering in Semitic; but the Semitic version is in many places rather a loose paraphrase than an exact translation. The record on these tablets is probably of the same class as the well-known legend of the Flood, but I have not yet sufficient materials to pronounce a decided opinion. Some of my fragments belong to the twenty-second and twenty-third tablets in the series.

"The principal contents of a second series of pieces are the prayers of an ancient Babylonian monarch named Amil-urgal, who invokes Bel or Merodach and Lirat-banit, the gods of Babylon. Some of the expressions in the prayers are very striking. In one Amil-urgal says, 'O Bel, thy seats are Babylon and Borsippa, thy crown is the wide heaven.' The purport of his invocations is to ask a blessing on Babylon, its temples, its king, and its people.

"Another fragment is of a bilingual tablet containing a number of short sentences something like the proverbs of Solomon, but they do not display so much wisdom as those of the Hebrew king. One of them will serve as a specimen of sententiousness: 'Whoever with others traffics, with others to the unseen place may they cause him to enter.'

"Another fragment is part of a Babylonian syllabary, similar to those tablets which the Assyrians copied, and which have been so valuable to cuneiform students."

Besides the foregoing, he enumerates twenty-seven fragments and tablets of more or less interest, and mentions forty-five others which he had succeeded in acquiring. He modestly says, "I am greatly satisfied with my good fortune thus far, for my regular excavations are only just commencing." This communication was dated from Mosul, on April 7th of this year.

The telegram from Mosul with the date April 26, in which Mr. Smith rehearsed his discoveries, naturally excited much interest, including "contemporaneous or historical memorials of Sargon, Esarhaddon,

Assurbanipal, Nebuchadnezzar, Nabonidus, Cambyeses, and Darius. I have, moreover, lighted upon some extremely curious tablets of the Parthian period, bearing unmistakable dates, with many other more or less interesting relics."

The general reader will be familiar with the names here given, and to the Biblical student some will be full of interest. Mr. Smith further says:—

"I excavated at Nimroud for seventeen days, and explored there the north-west palace of Esarhaddon, the Temple of Nebo, and also some entirely untouched portions of the south-east palace. This latter is of greater extent and grander character than has been supposed. I found spacious halls and fine chambers, the walls of which were ornamented with bands of plain colours. Under the pavement of one of these halls I came upon six clay figures having the head of a lion joined to a human body. These figures have four wings, and each of them holds in the left hand the symbolical basket. One of my most recent discoveries is that of a perfectly new text of the annals of Tiglath-Pileser.

"If this Tiglath-Pileser be not the earlier but the later sovereign of that name, then he is that Assyrian monarch who carried into captivity a part of the Jewish tribes—the contemporary and conqueror of Menahem and Pekah."

There is no doubt that Mr. Smith, in addition to his zeal and learning, possesses that instinct, as we may call it, which enables an explorer to look in the right place for what he wishes to find. He had continued his researches at Nineveh about five weeks, when he forwarded from the neighbouring city of Mosul a telegram of remarkable interest, announcing in fact the discovery of a tablet which contained the missing portion of the celebrated Deluge tablet. As the telegram is brief, and of permanent interest, we give it entire:—

"Mosul, May 19 (6 P.M.)

"I am excavating the site of the king's library at Nineveh, which I found without much difficulty. Many fresh objects of high importance have rewarded my search. Since my last message I have come upon numerous valuable inscriptions and fragments of all classes, including very curious syllabaries and bilingual records. Among them is a remarkable table of the penalties for neglect or infraction of the laws. But my most fortunate discovery is that of a broken tablet containing the very portion of the text which was missing from the Deluge tablet."

The whole proceeding is one of the most curious episodes in modern enterprise, and illustrates, as well as anything we know, the thoroughly practical character of the best forms of modern research. By such deeds our age is honoured as well as enlightened; and it is a pleasure to record them. To the uninitiated it may seem mysterious that a man who had never been there before, should visit the buried ruins of Nineveh in search of an inscription, and that he should find it. Of the bearings of the various discoveries we say nothing, but it will be obvious that they must enlarge our acquaintance with cities, nations, and kings, whose memory is partly embalmed in the Bible and in other venerable records, and has partly become extinct. With regard to the references in the Bible, it is some satisfaction to the believing reader to know that recent discoveries have cleared up some of its allusions, have confirmed some of its statements, and have illustrated it to a degree which some scarcely ventured to expect.



Song of the Rose.

AM fair
Beyond compare,
I am sweetest of the
sweet;
Tints grow pale,
Odours fail,
When with mine they
would compete.

Poets' lays
Ever praise,
Ever call me beauty's queen,
Painters try
Lovingly
To portray my charms serene.

What can please
Honey bees
Like a revel in my bowers?
Butterflies
In glad surprise
Poise themselves upon my flowers.

Better fame
Still I claim—
As I'm sweet, so am I kind,
Though I'm queen
Of gardens seen,
Not to grandeur I'm confined.

Smiling round
The cot I'm found,
Rich and poor alike I bless,
Give my bloom
And rich perfume
Even to the wilderness.

F. F.

Varieties.

THE BISHOP'S MOTHER.—The Rev. E. H. Bradby, in his "Sermons preached at Haileybury," tells the following story of a late Bishop of Lincoln:—"He was the son of very humble tradespeople in a town in Hertfordshire, but he went out into the world, and rose by degrees far above his parents' station. But he did not for that forget his humble home, as no good son

would; and so surely as he mounted one step higher in the great ladder of honour, his first care was to come down and share with his now widowed mother the honour and pleasure of his elevation. At last he was made a bishop, and duly, as before, he hurried down to impart the welcome news. But his mother was old, and he feared that the shock of pleasure at the unlooked-for tidings might overstrain her powers; so he resorted to an affectionate stratagem to break them to her. He called early in the day, and told her that he had invited a bishop to tea with her, and then went out for a long walk. At the appointed hour he reappeared, but appeared alone; and when she had sat some time in increasing expectation of the honoured guest, he gently told her that the bishop had indeed for the last half-hour been sitting in her little parlour. We may smile at the quaintness or the simplicity of the device, but there is something beautiful in it for all that. And the beauty lies in this, that it is a genuine exhibition of filial tenderness and love."

NEW RIVER COMPANY.—At the auction mart there was lately sold in four lots one quarter of a King's share in this corporation for the sum of £12,240, the income for the last year having been on this quarter-share £448. The rise in value in this property has been very marked. From having in years gone by been an unprofitable undertaking, its income is now enormous. In 1858 a share sold in the open market at the rate of £19,000; twelve years after a share was sold in lots at £38,000; and the result of this last sale shows the price of a share to be nearly £49,000.

DR. LIVINGSTONE ON THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The following letter to Sir Roderick Murchison, dated Poonah, 18th June, 1864, from Dr. Livingstone, in which he refers to the subject ever in his thoughts as an African traveller, will be read with new interest now that the mission of Sir Bartle Frere has been successful at Zanzibar:—"We arrived at Bombay on the 13th instant, after a passage of forty-four days from Zanzibar. From Zanzibar we crept along the African coast in order to profit by a current of at least one hundred miles a day. If Solomon's ships went as far south as Sofala, as some suppose, they could not have done it during the south-west monsoon against such a current. We went along beautifully till we got past the line; we then fell in with calms, which continued altogether 24½ days. The sea was as smooth as glass; and as we had but one stoker we could not steam more than ten hours at a time. By patience and perseverance we have at length accomplished our voyage of 2,500 miles, but now I feel at as great a loss as ever. I came here to sell my steamer, but with this comes the idea of abandoning Africa before accomplishing something against the slave trade; the thought of it makes me feel as though I could not lie at peace in my grave, with all the evils I know so well going on unchecked. What makes it doubly galling is, that while the policy of our government has, to a very gratifying extent, been successful on the west coast, all efforts on the east coast have been rendered ineffectual by a scanty Portuguese convict population. The same measures have been in operation on the east coast, the same expense, and the same dangers, the same heroic services have been performed by her Majesty's cruisers, and yet all in vain. The Zanzibar country is to be now more closely shut up than ever, and unless we have an English settlement somewhere on the mainland, beyond the so-called dominion of the Portuguese, all repressive measures will continue fruitless."—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.*

HOLY BIBLE PRINTED IN 1708.—A large folio edition of the Bible, printed in 1708, but without any name or place on the title-page, contains some curious maps and illustrations. The first map is a Mercator's projection of the world, old and new, the North American continent having on it the sole word JAPHET. Some numbers give references to places in a marginal list, those in North America being New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Newfoundland, New France, New Spain, New Wales, New Denmark, and Canada. The map is "of all the earth, and how after the Flood it was divided among the sons of Noah;" by J. Moxon, hydrographer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty. Another map gives with great minuteness "Paradise, or the Garden of Eden, with the countries circumjacent inhabited by the Patriarchs." The Garden of Eden is between Chaldea and Assyria on the north, and Babylonia on the south. The land of Nod is directly east of Eden. Babel is near towards the north-west. This map is by Nicolaus Vischer, of Amsterdam. Some of the copious marginal notes are worth being looked at by the compilers of the Speaker's Commentary, and by revisers of the Bible. The New Testament has a map of Palestine. Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalms, 1702, is appended, with various hymns, prayers, glossaries, and useful tables, and lists of proper names, with notes and explanations.

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